

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME III.—NUMBER 39.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1860.

{WHOLE NUMBER, 143.

Choice Poetry.

SPRING.

I know that the Spring-time
Is come, for I hear
The birds' early song,
The little blue-bird,
And high in the clear sky,
The robin that brings
Tidings of summer night,
Warm on his wings.
And see in the hedge
The violet blue,
With its half-opened lid
Laden with dew,
And in the border trim,
The crocus life up,
As a young voice cries,
Her tiny cup.
And the brook hurries fast,
With bright, dimpled face,
As a child full of play,
Flashed with the sun;
And the wind wags tips
Delight as it goes,
From the sweet looking lips
Of the young rose!

Oh! 'tis the season gay,
When earth from its gloom,
Wakened by the vernal ray,
Bursts into bloom!
And the soul's cherished thought,
Imprisoned too long,
By its own fervor taught,
Breaks into song.

Then hail to the Spring-time!
Her sunshine, her showers!
Welcome the merry chime
Of her sweetest hours!
Hail her with beating brow,
With words and with cheer!
Crown her with garlands now,
Queen of the year!

Select Tale.

THE MUTE DOCTOR; —OR— THE MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION.

BY MRS. M. L. SWEETSER.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUACK AND THE ITALIAN.

For many months a small and somewhat obscure office in the western part of Boston had remained unoccupied. Early one cloudless winter's morn in 1832, its doors and window shutters were thrown open, and a little bustle in and about it, showed that it was again to be no longer vacant. It was opened by two men; one of them, evidently a stranger, surveying the premises with an air of satisfaction. He wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, received a key in return, and both left the office, though by different routes.

One of the men immediately returned, and was accompanied by a few articles of furniture and a carpenter carrying some shelves, which were nailed up in proper order, and upon them were soon arranged boxes and vials of various descriptions. Some printed bills were now posted to the walls in conspicuous places, a stove, which had evidently been left by the last occupant of the room, was set up, a fire kindled in it, and a table and three chairs set in the centre of the room.

The office, being pretty large, was divided into two apartments by a heavy green curtain suspended from the ceiling to the floor, thus leaving ample space for a lodging-room.

In this recess was placed a bed and such other articles as rendered it a comfortable dressing and sleeping room for a gentleman.

Over the door was then suspended a modest sign bearing the following inscription: "AMBI BOYD, M. D."

PHYSICIAN & APOTHECARY.

ADVISE GUARANTY.

These arrangements being completed, the new occupant of the shop drew a chair near the stove and sat upon it. He was tall, rather elegantly formed, and about thirty years of age. His countenance, when mingling with strangers, wore a bland and courteous expression, but when alone, as at present, this gave place to one cold, sinister and intriguing, but far more natural.

Throwing a hasty and yet satisfied glance around his shop, he muttered to himself, at the same time examining the slender contents of a well-worn purse; "This will answer the purpose finely, if it works, and I guess it will." He then withdrew to the inner room and exchanged his present clothes of dusty gray for a fastidiously nice and fashionable suit of black cloth, with a satin vest and highly polished boots. He also wore an exquisitely finished gold chain, and in his vest pocket carried a small porcelain statuette to which was attached a gold pencil, the evidence of his being deaf and dumb.

Having surveyed himself with an air of entire satisfaction, he threw gracefully over his person a circular cloak of the latest fashion, the richest material and deeply faced with velvet. Then carefully brushing a silky hat, he placed it upon his head, and after extinguishing the lamp and closing the door and shutters, he hastily left the shop.

In a few streets from the one in which the office was situated, some eight or ten persons were gathered around a neat and exquisitely furnished tea-table. Every thing indicated wealth, good breeding and a high degree of sincere and social

politeness. Two places were still unoccupied, and Mrs. Ellerton, the hostess, was evidently awaiting the arrival of some persons to appropriate them, and meanwhile chatted with her boarders in a light, merry voice, and with a sweet, careless smile, which spoke of an untroubled journey thus far through life.

She possessed that peculiarly happy temperament which cast a light—the reflection of its own joyousness—on all within its sphere, and those who had once found a home in her hospitable mansion seldom wished to change it for any other. They received but few boarders, never exceeding twelve, mostly gentlemen with their wives; there were, however, some exceptions.

By the side of Mrs. Ellerton and exactly opposite one of the vacant seats, sat a young friend of hers. Scarcely seventeen summers had graced her brow, and their departure and return had brought to her heart no sorrow save the parting from her dearly loved parents, who had left her some twelve months previous upon a three years' tour through Europe and Asia, and in this separation even suffered little, because, beside her, ever beamed the bright, soul-inspiring smiles of Mrs. Ellerton.

She was a timid, sensitive creature, hardly daring, even with the encouragement of gentle words and among faithful friends, to utter the thoughts which lay uppermost in her bosom, but there existed in her soul a capability of strong and fervent love, and a never-failing fountain of sympathy. All loved the shrinking and trusting Maileen, and polluted indeed must have been the heart that could have deceived her even in trifles. She was utterly ignorant of the world, save the sphere of love and confidence in which she had always mixed, and dreamed not that there could be an outward profession with no inner corresponding principle.

Mrs. Ellerton had just placed the tips of her rosy fingers on the delicate shoulder of Maileen, and whispered that in her ear which sent bright ripples to her cheeks, when Mr. Ellerton threw open the parlor door and allowed to pass in before him a graceful and elegantly dressed stranger. "We have kept you waiting, my love," said Mr. Ellerton, in an apologetic tone to his lady, and offering the stranger one of the vacant chairs, seated himself in the other. Mr. E. was the very counterpart of his wife. Always merry, light-hearted and successful, he had never experienced a trouble in life, save when his beautiful bride had roughly referred him to her father, instead of giving him the affirmative which was to seal his destiny, and had thereby caused him a suspense of some hours.

He looked on his smiling family—for smiles as well as clouds are contagious—and assured them that he should be delighted to introduce to their acquaintance the distinguished stranger who sat by his side, and who, by his own account, was a practical and skillful Physician, but as he could neither speak nor hear, it was then quite impossible; after tea he would endeavor to do so.

The stranger's face was clothed in the sweetest smiles, and as Maileen once raised her eyes to his, she was struck with their mild and benevolent expression, mingled with just that quantity of subdued sadness which showed that he did mourn, though he strove not to do so, the sad affliction to which he was doomed. "How sad it must be," thought she, "never to listen to the sweet silvery voices of our friends, never to communicate in words, our love for them! Oh! that I could comfort him." "Does he remain long with us?" whispered she, to Mrs. Ellerton.

"For the present," she replied, "and I trust we shall make him happy."

Upon the removal of the tea things, cards, games, books and work were brought forward for the evening's entertainment, and Dr. Boyd, as the stranger styled himself, was kindly invited by signs to remain and participate in their amusements. He consented to do so, and soon won all hearts by the unrestrained cordiality of his manner, and by the short, social inquiries and sentences he wrote upon the slate in a fair, beautiful, but manly hand. Each one was eager to make the first evening pass pleasantly to him, and in so doing, gathered the wealth of happiness to his own heart.

One unoccupied spirit had crept into this fairy circle. In a distant part of the room, upon a low ottoman and nearly buried in folds of a heavy window curtain, sat a lady of some twenty-three or four years of age. A shaded lamp stood near, and in her hand was an open book, from which she was apparently reading.

Whether she was suffering from her full sympathy with the scenes and incidents of the story, or from some hidden cause, does not appear, but a frequent moisture bedewed her pale face, and a cold moisture sat upon her brow, as she turned the leaves with a restless and impatient movement. It might have been her haste to reach a climax in the story, or it might have been from some other cause, that these efforts were produced—we are not enlightened upon this mysterious point. At last the book fell slowly to the carpet; closing her eyes and folding her hands, she leaned back against the wall, and in so doing caused the curtain to fall more closely about her, and she was thus secured from observation.

This lady was uncommonly beautiful, and yet, one would soon forget the soft regularity of her features, the perfectly complexion, the rich glossy ring-

lets that reposed on either cheek, and gaze spell-bound into her large liquid eyes, till he became for a moment bewildered at the depth of feeling and passion there revealed. She made no attempt to join in the mirth which filled the room with fresh unbidden music, but absorbed in her own thoughts, quietly reposed among the folds of the window curtain, till her husband, upon the breaking up of the gay party, said, "Come, Bella, it is nearly twelve, shall we not retire?" "As you will," she replied indifferently, rising and unconsciously displaying a tall, finely rounded and exquisitely developed figure.

Her husband, either careless of her manner to him or from having become habituated to it, took no notice her coldness, but raising the book which had fallen at her feet, said smilingly: "Doubtless you have been wandering in some enchanting world of your own this evening; I am now happy to congratulate you upon your arrival in this more homely planet, in which our little Iri has been some time awake, and expecting your usual nightly visit to her."

At this allusion to her child, a slight degree of animation appeared upon the marble-like features of Mrs. Gastone, and she replied hastily:

"Certainly, I will go to her."

Passing through several long entries both before and after ascending a flight of stairs, the lady at last cautiously opened the door of a small bed-room, in which as well as in the entire, there was a delightful summer heat. Two children's cribs stood in the apartment, in which were reposing a boy and girl.

"My sweet little Iri," said Mrs. Gastone, going to the first and folding in her arms with all the warmth of devoted maternal tenderness, a lovely child of three years. The little girl seemed accustomed to these nocturnal caresses, and put her arms around her mother's neck, laying her little fat cheek to her face cooingly and with sweet infantile grace. She held the child to her bosom till a quiet slumber stole over her; then laying her in the crib beneath the snow-white spread, she pressed her lips to the forehead of the sleeping boy and passed to an inner and still smaller room. Here everything was comfortable and convenient. A middle-aged woman sat by the table still sewing industriously.

"You are late to-night, Catharine," said Mrs. Gastone to her.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the woman, without raising her eyes from her work, "I have an opportunity to send this dress to my daughter to-morrow, and it is therefore necessary that I finish it to-night."

"Your daughter!" said Mrs. G. in a tone of surprise, "pray where does she live?"

"At a considerable distance, from the city, in the village of L—," replied Catharine, the unbidden tears starting to her eyes.

"I should like you to tell me your story some time, but for the present send her this with the dress," and the lady drew a bill from her purse and laid it upon the table. Tears of gratitude fast flowing down her cheeks, almost choked the expressions of thankfulness she wished to utter.

"See well to the children, for it is intensely cold," said Mrs. Gastone, as she re-entered the room, and opening a door to her dressing closet, passed thence to their sleeping apartment. Her husband was engaged with a newspaper, but throwing it aside on her entrance, inquired how she liked the stranger.

"He is very handsome and very unfortunate," she replied, in a less indignant tone than that in which she had before addressed him.

"Yes," continued the gentleman, in a merry voice, "he will get the sympathies of all your ladies, without a doubt. It is said that he is a bachelor, and rich; there is no one here to be conquered by his many attractions, excepting our little Maileen, and she is too timid for a speechless husband."

The lady at this moment bent carelessly over her dressing table, but whether to recover some lost article, or to conceal the rich and unusual glow which illumined her cheek, was best known to herself. The husband did not heed it, but indulging in a little more innocent humor at the expense of the handsome mute physician, he retired to rest.

Mrs. Gastone returned to her dressing room, and having locked the door and closely drawn the curtains, she drew from her bosom a small and delicately sealed note. Pressing it many times to her lips, she at length broke the rose-colored seal, and perused the following words:

"What bliss to bask again in the glory of your presence. Be natural, serene, cautious and patient, and we shall soon accomplish our object. By some means, grant me soon an interview. Despair not, my beautiful angel."

Taking a key from a delicate hair chain which she always wore about her neck, she opened a beautiful pearl casket, and depositing the note with a number of others of the same size and appearance, carefully re-locked it, threw the chain over her head, stood a moment before the mirror, and then retired.

"He is here, and yet I am not wholly happy," sighed she, as her beautiful face pressed the downy pillow.

of their adoption. It was during the first year of their sojourn here that Bella was born, and she early evinced the warm passionate temperament of her own land. She was an idolized, and consequently a spoiled child. From infancy, intellect, feeling and passion had reigned by turns, with no firmness to balance them, no strong in-dwelling principles to preserve her from error.

Whatever suited her present desire was right, and to reason with her, was like attempting to combat the prejudices of insanity. She loved and hated with equal intensity. There could never be a fault in the being on whom her affections were placed, nor a virtue, one whom she detested.

At twelve years of age she was left, by the decease of both parents, to the care of Mr. Dumont, a wealthy gentleman, who had passed many years in Italy, and who was also an intimate friend of Mr. Gastone.

In a fit of extravagant and passionate love, she had married the latter gentleman, and of course greatly astonished her husband, by appearing to him, a few days after, perfectly cold and unapproachable.

Scarcely five years had passed since their marriage, and so much had these fits of coldness and neglect increased, that she now seldom sacrificed her own selfish feelings in the least to gratify him, but lived within and regarded herself as a being of superior mould, from whom the ordinary courtesies of life were not to be expected. She balanced her many faults by two redeeming qualities: a strong and fervent affection for her children, and an unbounded benevolence, so far as the giving of property was concerned. Seldom did any one reveal their sufferings to her, without receiving ample, often extravagant assistance. But she knew nothing of the true value of money, and her husband never reproached her.

Adrian Gastone was the exact opposite of his wife. Though possessing a quick, flashing spirit, as revealed by his small, sparkling, restless dark eye, he was a man of untarnished honor, unyielding principles, untiring devotion to business, deeply and steadily interested in all political movements and public improvements, and above all, an unvarying kind and affectionate husband and father. The immense changes in his wife, which for a long time puzzled him, had produced some sorrow in his heart; but finding that they were a part of her organization, he philosophically concluded to trouble himself as little as possible about them. When she loved him, he was ready to receive her with open arms; when she hated him, he was still attentive to her wishes, and kind even to affection. He little dreamed the depth of misery to which she was reducing him—but he will not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIFE AND THE RETROTHED.

Upon one of the smaller lakes in the western part of New York, reposed a village which sent up its tall spires to Heaven, and cherished in its bosom the quantity of love and hatred, bustle and quiet, order and disorder, dignified intelligence and scandalous gossip, prosperous wealth and heart consuming poverty. In a corner of this village, and beneath the spreading branches of an aged elm, stood a cottage which bore the traces of having been used for several generations. One part was in ruins, the other having been patched by pieces of board and shingles. Panes of glass were here and there wanting, whose places were supplied with cloth and paper.

Within the single room every thing bore the marks of the most untiring neatness and industry. The old uneven floor was without a stain, the walls were covered with scraps of all kinds of paper pasted on, the low bed in one corner was perfectly clean, and a beautiful velvet rose which bloomed in a broken pitcher upon the decayed window-sill, betokened refinement and love of beauty, even in a poverty-stricken dwelling.

A woman, who had not yet passed her thirtieth year, but whose pale, thin face and attenuated form gave the impression of greater age, sat by the window—catching the last rays of the departing sun to complete the garments she held in her hands. Her countenance was mild, amiable and benevolent, mingling with which were courage, hope and firmness. Some great and crushing sorrow was evidently wearing away her life, though at present there was a slight smile of exultation and triumph playing about a mouth which had once been beautiful, as she held up and examined the completed dress.

This lady was Mrs. Lawrence, the deserted wife of the handsome man who, as Dr. Amzi Boyd had at present displayed his peculiar charms in the boarding establishment of Mrs. Ellerton, and was already the received lover of Mrs. Gastone.

Mrs. Lawrence was the only child of an excellent man who, in his forty-fifth year, married a sweet young girl and was, the following year, a happy father, though the same event had left him a bereaved and mourning husband. The young mother survived the birth of her babe only a few hours. The old gentleman never again ventured into matrimonial speculations, but gave his thoughts to such as in due time made him a very wealthy man. The gentle Mary grew beneath her father's fostering hand; a lovely flower which needed but the sunshine of affection in which to bloom. She must have

been the pure, good being that she was, or his idolatry would have spoiled her. If she had a fault, it was trusting too confidently in others; this, however, was corrected by an after and bitter experience. In her sixteenth year there came to reside in the village a young merchant of pleasing, affable manners, whose whole appearance was so prepossessing that Mary's father frequently invited him to his house, and at length perceived an attachment between him and his daughter. He was not displeased, for he felt that his own life would soon draw to a close, and wished not to leave without a protector.

A few months saw Mary a blushing bride and Augustine Lawrence a well-satisfied husband, though he knew not the value of the precious gem he had won.

The father, who could not be parted from his child, gave up to them his large house—the handsomest in the village—reserving some rooms for himself, and became a member of their family. For a time all went on well. At the close of the first year Mary clasped to her bosom, where were kindled all the new delights of maternal love, a noble boy, upon whom his father looked with apparent pride.

At the period of their union, Mr. Lawrence had persuaded his father-in-law to become a silent partner in his business, thereby enabling him to extend it much beyond its present limits. The old gentleman, with the utmost confidence in his son-in-law, consented, declaring that as they were his only heirs, it was of little consequence to him whether they undertook the management of his property then or a few months or years hence. He liberally invested all, and a splendid business was the consequence.

At length Mary began to perceive a change in her husband; he was often abrupt, even imperious to her, and compelled her to wait for his return till long past midnight. The gentle girl who had ever breathed the atmosphere of pure love, was deeply wounded, but with a forgiving heart, never upbraiding him with her sorrow, and above all never revealing it to her father. She bore all in silence.

During the third year of their marriage a little girl was born. This event seemed to recall the wandering affections of her husband, and he became as attentive as in their days of courtship. The eyes of the aged father, too, dwelt with peculiar delight upon him, believing him to be the source of so much joy to his Mary.

It was in the spring of the year. The little girl was nearly six months old. The early season as yet made the business of Mr. Lawrence so small that he sent his clerk home for a visit of two weeks, and declared his intention of shutting his shop till after his return from the city with fresh goods, whither he intended going in two or three days. Meanwhile he stated that he was occupied in taking the inventory of his goods, and should be at home but very little for a few nights.

After collecting every debt which he possibly could, he stated to the old gentleman that he was still in the want of five hundred dollars. A pretty cottage was immediately sold, and he received the necessary funds.

Taking an affectionate leave of all, he departed, promising to return in a fortnight at most. Weeks, months passed away, and he came not.

The creditors from New York at length came on, and by the bills which they presented, it was evident that Lawrence had not expended the money received in purchasing goods; every thing was unpaid for. The debts were enormous, and the already exasperated creditors would hear of no delay. The store was forced open, and nothing remained in it but some of the cheapest and most clumsy articles. It was then evident that so far from intending to return, Lawrence had made his final departure, and taken every thing valuable with him. The whole responsibility rested upon the old gentleman, who gave up everything.

In two weeks the broken hearted wife saw him quietly laid to rest, where no sorrow could reach him, and she rejoiced that the good man was spared a sight of the misery which she knew must be hers.

Clasping her babe to her bosom, the desolate mother left the home of her childhood and removed to the old cottage where she had described.

Long years of desertion and severe labor and deprivation, had not in the least changed her love for Augustine Lawrence, but through all she had been sustained by the solitary hope of once more seeing him. Since her children had required less personal attention, she had every year saved a few dollars, which, when they amounted to fifty, she resolved should serve as the means of taking her to New York, where she fondly hoped to meet him.

On the night to which we have alluded, she was finishing a plain stuff dress for herself, and the consciousness that the money so long labored for, was now here, and that everything was at last in readiness for the journey, caused a smile of triumph at the recollection of so many difficulties overcome. It was Saturday night, and early Monday morning they were to start for the city.

Meanwhile the door opened, and two children entered bearing between them a basket of sticks and brush procured from the neighboring woods. Scarcely the elder was a boy, handsome boy, with dark complexion, hair and eyes, whose haughty, restless spirit nothing could re-

strain but his great love and veneration for his mother.

Hetty, the younger, was the pet of each. Small, delicately formed, with mild blue eyes and flaxen curls, she seemed to have nothing in common with the sphere in which she lived, excepting a patient, uncomplaining spirit.

After giving her children their supper, she stated to them her plans for the future and then sent them to rest.

Taking from an old chest of drawers, a small and beautifully finished work-box—her husband's first gift—she drew from it a miniature, upon which she gazed long and fixedly, tears of bitter anguish rolling down her sickly face. With clasped hands and eyes upraised to heaven, she exclaimed:

"Permit me, O, my God! once more to behold his face, and surely, he will yet return to the wife in whose bosom his image has ever been cherished; to the children, who, through long years of absence, have been taught to respect and honor him;" then taking from the box some old notes written in an exceedingly fair hand, and a single curl of glossy black hair, she slowly read the former as if for the first time, and pressing each to her lips, replaced all and returned the box to its deposite. Little dreamed the excellent and forgiving woman of the black perfidy of him who had thus forsaken every sense of honor and reduced her to toil and suffering, and to whom her wealth afforded a means of display in the fashionable world at the gaming table.

On Monday morning they took their final leave of the old cottage, which suddenly seemed to them a bright, happy spot, and pursued their journey to the city, where we will leave them and return for a time to our friends in Boston.

Upon the same Saturday evening in which Mrs. Lawrence wept over the miniature of her husband and made preparations for her departure to the city, Mrs. Gastone sat in her children's nursery, though at a somewhat later hour, and listened to Catharine's story.

"Were you ever married?" she asked, in a sympathizing voice.

Catharine blushed a deep crimson, but replied honestly, "I was not, and yet I expected to be. If you have patience to listen to me, I will tell you all, and probably you will not blame me so much. My parents were honest and industrious. I am the youngest of a large family, whom they educated with much care, and it has nearly broken my heart that I should have sinned against their instructions. I was called pretty when young, and attracted the notice of a young gentleman who came into the village as head clerk. He soon won my heart, and with the consent of my parents we were engaged to be married. My father had given me three hundred dollars with which to furnish a house, and I had trusted it to him. The wedding day approached, friends were invited, but he came not, and from that day I have never seen him, though I have never ceased to mourn for him."

"Your parents," asked Mrs. G. kindly, "how did they bear all this?"

"Oh! ma'am," replied she, almost convulsively, "I cannot bear to think how my mother sank at once, and before my little girl saw the light, we laid her in the grave; my father never smiled again, and in a few years rested his weary head beside her. I had broken their hearts!" and the tender hearted woman wept at these sorrowful remembrances.

"And the child," continued the lady, when Catharine became composed.

"She is now thirteen years of age.—Seven years since, at the death of my father, I was so lonely in our deserted house that I left her with an elder married sister, and came to the city to procure work. Every time I see her she is more beautiful; indeed it does not seem as if she belonged to me. If he could but look upon his child, with her regular features, her clear, dark complexion and glossy black ringlets, he must certainly acknowledge and love the image of himself; the hair, in particular, is so like his own," and she drew from her bosom a gold locket in which was enclosed a single jet curl, adding, "he gave me this." A very slight tinge was perceptible upon Mrs. Gastone's pale cheeks as Catharine uttered these last words and placed before her the lover's keepsake, but whatever emotions were agitating her, she carefully concealed, and after a few more remarks passed with apparent tranquillity to her own room. Upon reaching it she sat for a long time quite still, and buried in deep and bitter thoughts.

A dark suspicion crossed her mind, and though she succeeded in banishing it in some measure as an impossibility, it was nevertheless true. The lover of Catharine and Dr. Boyd were one and the same individual, though bearing different appellations. To drop one name and manufacture another, had always been a favorite habit with him.

We will, during the same Saturday evening, visit the office of Dr. Boyd. He has closed his shutters, locked his door, replenished the fire, and substituted for a frock-coat a thick dressing-gown, and now lounges in his easy chair, drawn from behind the green curtain. "Thank Heaven, I am free once more," he exclaimed with some energy, as he drew off a pair of boots and encased his feet in velvet slippers. Then sinking deeper into the cushions of the chair, he continued in a muttering tone, as if glad to release his

tongue from its self-imposed silence:

"I will for my own edification, just take a retrospective view of my past life—rather an interesting affair by the way—and form my plans for the future. A boyhood steeped in poverty, disgusted my fine sensibilities; and I swore to remove the curse, whether honestly or dishonestly mattered little to my purpose. A fine figure, a handsome face set off by brilliant teeth, black, silky curls, a profusion of whiskers of the same hue and texture, and a piercing eye which I have brought perfectly under my control, came to my aid. There was no room for despair. At twenty, while far from want of more genteel employment, I stood behind the counter of an infernal country village, a silly girl fell desperately in love with me, and seeing a good chance for some money, of which I was sadly in want, I consented to every thing. I came very near settling myself, but the bait was too small. Pshaw! with what a paltry sum did I clear from the village. The pretty girl by this time an old maid, and no doubt well satisfied as to my intentions."

"And the pretty Mary whom I could get in no way but a legal one, and whose fine property has saved me many graspings from the long, sharp, bony fingers of the Police! I think she loved me, and I was often tempted to leave playing the villain and become a good man for her sake. But in truth I am by nature an infernal rascal, and if my brain ceased to concoct some villainous deed, I should sicken and die—each one to his vocation! If I possess such a superlative attractions that every lady's heart is at my command, it is no fault of mine. I only use the powers given me, and I should be much to blame if I did not reap some solid advantages from the fair creatures who so continually molest my path."

"I don't steal from them—no, I despise that—I only take what they freely give. The magnificent Bella is mine already, and her husband keeps an open purse. It will not be my fault or hers if my fingers are not in it some fine day, and then the lady will be lost, but what do I care? The little Maileen, too, whom to please Bella I am very quietly captivating, has at least one charm. I hear she has just received a birthday present of a thousand dollars from her father. Hang me, if I don't cut a slice from that dish, but in all secrecy it must be done. If Bella knows it, my reputation for wealth will be destroyed. If she were away I would marry the child at once—but it is useless, she would spoil all. A lucky fellow I, truly! Other men dig through the world by the sweat of their brow—I walk through quite easily by the help of their purses, for which all thanks be rendered to my fair person and the susceptible hearts of their wives and daughters. But I forget!"—and he drew from his pocket, where it had been easily crushed, a delicate note in a female hand. After perusing it, he threw it into the fire and penned the following:

"How fresh and beautiful is a first love! Oh, thou divine idol of my everlasting worship! What protections of love, high as the heavens and lasting as eternity, are worthy of thee, thou most lovely of all angels! Words fail me—adieu—adieu."

"This will serve me for the present; such confounded nonsense always takes with the women!" and with a yawn, such as his Satanic Majesty might very properly appropriate when weary of setting the world by the ears, he decamped to his sleeping room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ATTACK ON JOHN HICKMAN.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Press and Tribune, says:

An investigation will be demanded, I understand, to inquire into the assault made upon John Hickman, by Edmundson of Virginia. Much indignation exists on the subject, which may finally lead to the expulsion of the assailant. A more cowardly act could hardly be committed. Edmundson is a large, powerful fellow, in full health, as able bodied as big as any man in the House. Hickman, on the contrary, is a slight built man, weak and feeble, and hardly able to totter into his seat; is afflicted with bleeding of the lungs, and runs a strong chance of not living to the end of his term. To strike such a man is as cowardly an act as to strike a woman. It was the same Edmundson who was present with Keitt when Brooks made his murderous assault upon Senator Sumner. What was the provocation? Hickman had said in reply to Sumner's threats and vaporing, something sarcastic about the right into which Virginia had been thrown by Old Brown, with his 21 men, and by the panic caused by a cow after his capture. Was this not the truth? Did not Wise publicly upbraid the Virginians for behaving like a flock of sheep? Did not Old Brown, wounded and gory in his own blood, cause a panic and a tremor throughout the whole State? Were not thousands of armed men employed to hold him a prisoner while he was tried by lynch law, and did it not take an army to execute him?

The immortal Lester, O. Edwards Lester, is in the field again. He is publishing a paper called the "Conservative," the object of which is to get up a third party, and thus let the Locofocos have another four years tug at the Treasury. Baltimore Patriot.

President Fillmore, it is said, earnestly advises a union of the whole Opposition, in order to defeat the Democracy.